Hair Ties

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Hair Ties

by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal lets his hair grow after the fall.

Will feels a particular way about it.

For the hannibal bingo fill: lunch date

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal lets his hair grow after the fall. At first, it was a matter of not having time to care about things like haircuts when they were recovering from their multiple injuries; then, it became a matter of it working to disguise his identity. Will can't complain about it. It was weird at the start, but he grew to love it. To find it attractive even.

The thing is, Will is starting to get concerned by his fascination for it.

See, it all started when it got uncomfortable for Hannibal to suck Will off with his hair down, so he started putting up his hair to perform that particular act. The problem is that it's summer now, and his hair has only gotten longer, which means he has started to put it up while doing normal tasks, and Will seems to have a Pavlovian-like reaction to it.

Will gets hard. Every. Single. Time.

The first time it happens, Hannibal is tending to the herb garden while Will is building a wooden house for their new-found dog. At least they're home, and he can sneak on his husband and bring their bodies together without worrying about being seen.

The second time is on the private beach of the hotel they went to for their honeymoon. Okay, not home this time, but still a private location. Hannibal doesn't hesitate to get down on his knees and suck him off, although he does complain about sand getting in his mouth.

The third time, however, happens at a restaurant. The intense heat wave caused a power outage in the entire city, which meant air conditioning and fans didn't work. They are having lunch on the patio, hoping for at least some breeze to cool things down. The food is great, though, so they endure it, but Hannibal's had enough. His hair is bringing an extra layer of warmth to his skin, and he can't deal with it anymore.

So he grabs the hair tie he now always keeps around his wrist and starts to put up his hair, holding the hair tie between his lips.

Will makes an unholy sound around his forkful of food, eyes wide open in panic.

"Don't do that," Will blurts out before he can stop himself.

Hannibal stops and looks up at him with a curved eyebrow, head tilted slightly to one side like he does when he's curious. "Why?" he asks, sounding muffled as he keeps his lips together.

Will swallows, trying to come up with a reasonable excuse. Evidently, he takes too long to reply, and Hannibal drops his hair and the tie on the table before speaking.

"You know, Will, I've been thinking about this for a while, but…" he pauses, writhing in his seat a bit. Will gasps when Hannibal's foot against his groin. Hannibal smiles. "...it seems that you're quite fond of seeing me with my hair up," says the smug bastard, and Will wants to punch him.

"Hannibal…" he warns.

Hannibal's smile widens. He rubs his foot insistently against Will's clothed erection.

"What's the matter, Will?" he asks, amused. "Finish your food."

Will hisses and shoves another bite into his mouth. He doesn't even register the flavor, too distracted by Hannibal to pay attention to anything else. He works his foot up and down Will's length while eating his food and drinking his wine as if nothing were amiss. Will is so turned on he could die.

And when Will feels like he's about to come, *actually* come in his pants in the middle of a busy restaurant, Hannibal stops, retrieving his foot as if nothing had happened. Hannibal takes a sip of wine, hiding his smile behind the glass. Oh, Will is so going to kill him.

"Hannibal," he complains. It somehow comes out as more of a desperate whine.

"Yes, Will?" the man asks, swallowing his food. That cocky shit.

"Finish eating," Will says sternly. "Quickly."

Hannibal looks at him but doesn't say anything, eating at the same pace he has been doing.

"You have two options," Will continues. "Either you hurry up, and we pay and go home so you can properly fuck me on our bed," he says, "or I'll leave you here and go take care of the erection in the restroom on my own."

Hannibal doesn't speak, but he does eat two considerably bigger bites of food to finish his plate. Will huffs, rolling his eyes. A moment later, Hannibal opens his wallet and leaves the money for the bill plus the tip on the table.

"Shall we go, then?" he asks, as if nothing had happened, extending his hand for Will to grab.

"You're ridiculous," Will shakes his head but accepts the hand and gets up.

However, instead of dragging him to the street to walk home, he leads Will back inside the restaurant.

"Hannibal, where are we go—"

He has no time to finish speaking before Hannibal pushes the door of the restroom open and drags Will inside with him.

"Hannibal, you know our house is three blocks away, we don't need to—mhp!" his words get interrupted again, this time by Hannibal pushing him against the wall and kissing him.

Will moans into the kiss, gripping Hannibal's arms tightly out of surprise. Will sinks his teeth onto Hannibal's lower lip, drawing blood, but Hannibal doesn't pull away, instead deepening the kiss. Will lets out a low noise of pleasure. He tilts his head forward, allowing Hannibal to slide his tongue into his mouth.

Hannibal's hand sneaks to Will's pants, pulling them down so he can take his hardness into his hand. After a few slow strokes, Hannibal breaks the kiss to get down on his knees. He doesn't give Will time to breathe before he begins sucking Will off, digging his fingers into his thighs. Will throws his head back against the wall, moaning loud and deep, grabbing Hannibal's hair tightly in one hand. Hannibal hums appreciatively around his length.

Will pauses for a moment when his fingers touch the base of Hannibal's low ponytail. His lips curl in a wicked grin. He grabs the ponytail in his hand and pulls.

Hannibal lets out a surprised sound, and his fingers dig deeper into Will's skin. Will's smile grows in size. He pulls harder and begins to thrust, fucking Hannibal's mouth roughly. He holds him firmly by the hair, pulling from time to time, just to hear his groans and whimpers. Hannibal's eyes are glassy, looking at Will as if he were his God as he lets himself be used for Will's pleasure.

"Fuck, Hannibal, you're perfect," Will breathes out, getting closer and closer to the edge with each passing second.

The way Hannibal is looking directly into his eyes, the love, and devotion exuding from him in waves, doesn't help. He continues to suck and lick, taking Will right to the very edge of orgasm. Will comes deep into Hannibal's mouth, collapsing against the wall.

Hannibal swallows and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, then gets up from the floor. Will has to press his lips together to avoid giggling when his knees crack loudly.

"We're too old to be kneeling on hard tile floors," Will says as he strokes Hannibal's jaw. He pecks his lips. "Come on, let's go home so I can return the favor."

End Notes

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